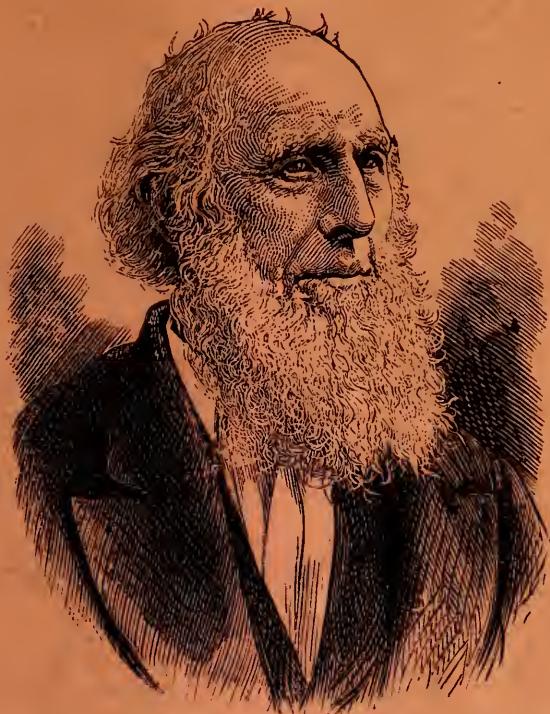


THE MAN
WITH THE
BRANDED HAND,
—OR A—
SHORT SKETCH

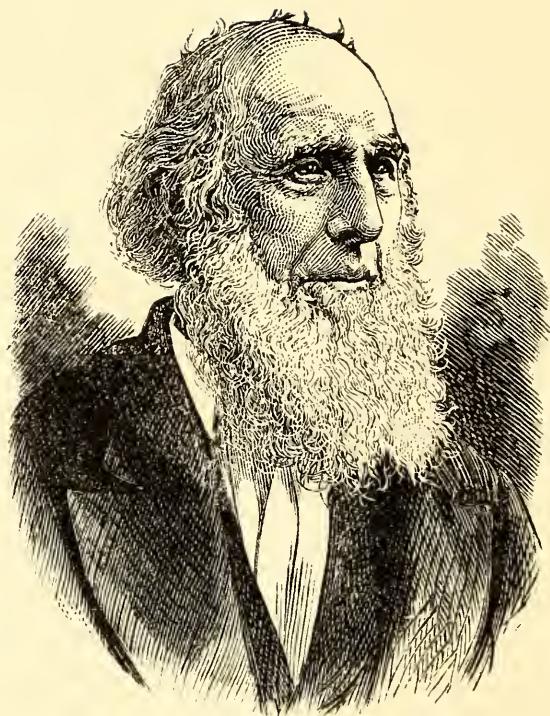


—OF THE—
LIFE AND SERVICES
—OF—
Jonathan Walker.

MUSKEGON, MICH.:
Chronicle Steam Printing House.
1879.



1



JONATHAN WALKER.

A SHORT SKETCH
OF THE
LIFE AND SERVICES
OF
JONATHAN WALKER,

The Man with a Branded Hand,

WITH A

Poem by John G. Whittier and an address by
Hon. Parker Pillsbury, one of Walker's
anti-slavery friends, and a funeral ora-
tion by Rev. F. E. Kittredge.



Muskegon, Michigan:
CHRONICLE STEAM PRINTING HOUSE,
1879.

Publisher's Announcement.

—◎◎—

This little pamphlet is the result of an expressed desire, on the part of the friends of MR. WALKER, to have at least a short sketch of his life and services put in such a form that it can be preserved.

The short sketch here given, together with the information contained in the addresses of HON. PARKER PILLSBURY and REV. F. E. KITTREDGE, will enable the public to form a pretty fair estimate of his character and the chief events of his life, which is as much as can be expected in so brief a work, and is all that the publisher has had in view.

If all the events of interest in the life of JONATHAN WALKER were put in book form, it would make a much more pretentious volume, but it has not been considered advisable to attempt this at present.

W. M. HARFORD,

Muskegon, July 1st, 1879.

Publisher.

Jonathan Walker.

JONATHAN WALKER was born on a farm in Harwich, Mass., March 22, 1799, where he lived with his parents until 1816, when he became a sailor boy. All went well with him for about two years, at which time he became very sick, while on a voyage in the Indian Ocean, and for some unaccountable reason, was landed and left in a bamboo hut, without friends or those with him who understood his language. After regaining his health he resumed and continued his sailor life until 1835, with an occasional interruption when on shore employed in a shipping yard. At the latter date having become acquainted with Benjamin Lundy, he went with him to Mexico for the purpose of assisting in the colonization of those who had escaped from American slavery.

About two years afterward, while engaged near the Mexican coast, their small vessel accidentally ran aground and being discovered they were shot at and robbed of everything, including the vessel. He afterwards built another small vessel and engaged in the coasting trade along the shore of Alabama and Florida, at the same time assisting those of the slaves in obtaining their freedom who might chance to come on board. While making a voyage from Florida to the Bahama Islands, in 1844, with a number of such persons on board, he was overtaken, captured and taken back to Florida and put into jail. He was afterwards tried and convicted of slave stealing, was sentenced to be placed in the pillory, to be branded S. S. in the right hand with a hot iron, and pay a fine of \$600 and cost of prosecution. Every portion of the sentence was carried into execution, including his detention in a miserable jail for about one year in solitary confinement.

This cruel treatment of Mr. Walker was the occasion of Whittier's immortal poem, "The Branded Hand." Having regained his freedom Mr. Walker spent most of the time

during the five succeeding years in lecturing on the subject of Slavery, and although he left the field as a lecturer at this time, his interest in the cause he espoused so early in life and for which he spent his best energies, did not diminish in the least until American slavery ceased to exist.

In 1863 he purchased a few acres of land at Lake Harbor, Muskegon County, Michigan, upon which he soon after settled, and engaged in the cultivation of small fruits. Here he continued to reside, and although affable and intelligent, was a quiet and unobtrusive old gentleman, beloved and respected by all those who enjoyed the good fortune to form his acquaintance. His health continued good until the autumn of 1877, after which he gradually declined, the best medical skill seeming to be of no avail, and on the 30th of April, 1878, he quietly and peacefully died at the ripe old age of seventy-nine years.

The funeral ceremonies on the occasion of the burial of Mr. Walker, were held at the Universalist Church in Muskegon, the Rev. Frank E. Kittredge (Unitarian) officiating, who spoke substantially as follows:

FUNERAL ADDRESS.

Friends :—I esteem it a very high honor to have been selected by our venerated and world renowned friend, Capt. Walker, before he passed away, to perform a few brief rites over his sleeping dust. In accordance, therefore, with his expressed desire, made to me personally, I stand in this presence, to say a few words as fittingly as I can, in reference to the life, character and services of Capt Jonathan Walker, more famously known as the "Man with the Branded Hand." It would not be the desire of our friend, could he speak through those cold lips to-day, that I should enter upon any eulogium upon his public character, or deal in fulsome praise concerning the services he has rendered to humanity and the world. But justice to the living; a tender affection for the departed, and a feeling that it is only right to render honor to whom honor is due, seem to require that I should at least touch upon a few salient points in his character. There may be many present here to-day, who are not familiar with the public services which Capt. Walker has rendered to mankind, as he has not resided in our midst many years, the most active years of his eventful life having been spent in older portions of our country, and amid the scenes and excitements of the

old anti-slavery conflict. And perhaps first in order, on this occasion, would be a very brief history of Capt. Walker's life; and as I have been entrusted with his private papers and correspondence with a view to their future publication, I may be permitted to make an extract or two from these original and highly interesting documents.

He was born in Harwich, Mass., on Cape Cod, March 22, 1799. His boyhood was spent on the sandy farms of his parents and grandparents. In 1816 he went to sea, and in 1818 was landed from a ship on an island in the Indian Ocean 8,000 miles from home, where he spent 21 days in a bamboo hut in extreme sickness, with no friend near him who could speak the English language. From 1818 to 1835 he divided his time between the shipyard, and the sea. In 1835 he went to Mexico to assist in colonizing American colored citizens who had escaped from their masters. In 1836 his vessel was grounded on the Mexican coast, where he was wounded and robbed at the hands of pirates. In 1844 his vessel was seized by sanction of the America Government, while he was taken, ironed and imprisoned in Florida, on the charge of assisting negroes to gain their freedom. He remained in prison, in solitary confinement for one year, when he was brought before the United States Court for trial. He was judged guilty, and sentenced to be branded in the right hand S. S. (slave stealer) with hot irons, be put in the pillory, and pay a fine of \$600 and costs. Whittier has immortalized this event, and transformed the intended odium of S. S. into the highest badge of honor a man could wear, in that ringing poem of his, "The Branded Hand," written in 1845, wherein he interprets those mystical letters S. S. to mean "Salvation to the Slave." From 1845 to 1849 he devoted his time to lecturing on Anti-Slavery subjects in various parts of the country. He was intimately associated with such anti-slavery workers as Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Theodore Parker, Stephen S. Foster, Parker Pillsbury, Governor Andrew, J. G. Whittier, Lydia Maria Child, Lucretia Mott, Charles Sumner, and others. In 1863 he removed to this State, and settled at Lake Harbor, in this county, on a small fruit farm, where by dint of hard work he was able to make a comfortable living for himself and wife, till within the past few weeks, when his health and strength failed him. I make the following extract from one of his letters, written to his grand-daughter, des-

criptive of his sufferings while in Florida:

"The United States Marshal for the Western District of Florida, an old acquaintance of mine from the State of Maine, took me in charge and provided me with snug quarters, heavy irons, and a hard floor to lie and sit upon in the city jail, for which he charged me twenty-five dollars, rent, &c. It was in front of the Court House, on the West side of Polifax street, directly up from the wharf, where your grandfather was fastened in the U. S. Pillory for one hour, and pelted with rotten eggs, and then taken into the Court House and branded with the U. S. branding iron, after passing through the form of a trial in a United States Court four months after my incarceration in Pensacola jail.

O, Persecution, fearful as thou art,
 With scowling brow and aspect stern and rude,
 Thy hands in blood of innocence imbued,
 Wrung drop by drop, from many a tortured heart,
 Why should we dread thy gibbet, axe or stake?
 Thou dost our faith, our hope, our courage try,
 Thou mak'st us valiant where we thought to fly,
 Who shuns thee never shall the crown of victory take.

If had any of my friends seen me in the first few weeks of my imprisonment, they would have hardly recognized me; and in fact I could hardly recognize myself. My sickness and the severe treatment I received reduced me very near to a skeleton. Many a time have I grasped round my leg above the knee joint, over my pants, with one hand so as to meet thumb and finger. The hungry and thirsty mosquitoes tried hard to draw a little support from the emaciated form of the prisoner, to but little purpose. Their bills were harmless, so far as pain was concerned, nor did they get much reward for their labor. Notwithstanding the eleven long and tedious months that rolled around and found me chained up in solitary confinement, joyful expressions of sympathy met me there from various parts, and directly around me, and when your grandfather left that abode of suffering and disgrace, he left, a respectable man even there. For it was abundantly evident that the act for which he was punished was performed under the best of motives, viz: *to deliver the oppressed from the hands of the oppressor.*

Among his papers also, I find the following interesting document, which reads more like a romance than anything else. After minutely describing seven negro slaves, and offering a reward of \$1,700 for their apprehension and delivery at Pensacola, it continues as follows:

"Jonathan Walker is from or about Cape Cod or Nantucket, where he has a wife and several children, from whom he is said to have been absent about two years without any apparent necessity. He is a man of large frame, about six feet high, with dark hair and dark complexion, a suspicious countenance, slouchy person, stooping shoulders and a swinging, rolling gait—is lame in one arm from a gunshot wound, as he says, received from robbers on the coast of Mexico, where he was trading some years ago in a small sloop. He came to this city about three weeks since from sea in a whale-boat, he said, from Mobile. He seems to have had no reasonable or proper business here. His boat is about 25 or 30 feet long, with plenty of beam, clinker built and very light. When she came here she had three oars and was schooner rigged, with fore and main sprit-sails—hull and spars painted green—the inside of the boat lead color. He hired board and lodging of a colored woman, whose lot runs to the beach, and hauled up his boat to be worked upon under the shade of trees in the lot. For several days he employed himself in making an additional sail for his boat, which was either a very large jib or square-sail, two additional oars and two paddles—lockers or water-tight boxes to fit in the bow and stern, and under thwarts. He laid in on Wednesday last, nearly two barrels of bread, about 120 lbs. of pork and bacon, a keg of molasses, a cheese and some other articles of mess stores, a compass and a binnacle lantern—and a barrel and a demijohn of water.

On Thursday his boat being provisioned and equipped as above, he set sail, but instead of going to sea, stood up the bay. Before sun rise, on Friday morning, he was seen close under the land inside of Santa Rosa Island, abreast of Town Point, by two fishermen from the Navy Yard, who asked him where he was going—he said to Mobile, but inquired where he could get water, and was told near by on Santa Rosa by the sand hills. He immediately set sail and steered toward the place indicated; but soon altered his course to nearly the opposite direction, and when last seen by the fishermen, about an hour afterwards was standing up the bay. On Saturday he was seen beating down the bay, and that night the negroes disappeared, and neither Walker, nor the boat, nor the negroes have been seen here since—excepting that Silus and Harry were seen and recognized by some servants very

late (say 11 o'clock) that night, passing down a street towards the navy yard—and Leonard was seen by Monroe and Jacob in his quarters, at the yard, about two hours before day on Sunday morning. The slaves have taken most of their clothes and largely of their winter clothing, as if going to a Northern climate. From these and other circumstances, the belief exists that said Jonathan Walker has carried these slaves off in his boat. And therefore, for his apprehension and conviction of said offence, the subscribers will pay a further reward of One Thousand Dollars.

R. C. CALDWELL,
GEO. WILLIS, by

Pensacola, June 25, 1844. JOS. QUIGLES, Agent."

The Pensacola *Gazette*, of July 20th, following, said that the "United States steamer Gen. Taylor, Lt. Com. E. Farrand, arrived there on Thursday evening from Key West; bringing as a prisoner Jonathan Walker, charged with having recently abducted the seven negro slaves belonging to Messrs. Willis & Caldwell, under a commitment from the civil authority, and on being taken before the United States District Judge, the court being in session, was immediately remanded to prison, on failing to give the necessary bail, to await his trial at the next term of the court. When the prisoner landed on the wharf the crowd was immense, and as he was escorted to the court house by the deputy marshal, the crowd thronged the streets and sidewalks, and the court room was filled to overflowing by a highly excited mass of people."

The *Gazette* adds that "The Judge had determined to hold a special court for the trial of Walker in a few days. No doubt his punishment will be severe."

So much in brief, for what relates to the public life, of the late Jonathan Walker, and to the events that made him so famous, though I might consume hours in presenting interesting extracts from his diary and correspondence, bearing upon his public career. I now hasten to speak of his more private, and religious character. I held frequent interviews with him during his last sickness, mostly at his own request and invitation, and he was always frank and unreserved in the expression of his religious opinions. Particularly was he anxious that I should not, as I stood over his marble form, claim for him beliefs which he did not entertain. So in accordance with this, his last expressed wish to me, I feel bound to deal justly by him in this respect, and to give you as correctly as I may, his

religious views, even though they may differ in some points widely from my own. He was a christian in one sense, though in the sense of the church or of a calvanistic theology he could not technically be called a christian. He did not even call himself one. But if Jesus was right when he said, "By their fruits shall ye know men," he was as royal a christian as any saint or martyr the church has ever canonized. He was not indeed a theological christian, but far better, he was a practical one. He had his own views on the inspiration of the Bible, on miracles and kindred subjects. Because the Bible was quoted by the ministers of the South, and by some of the North, during the anti-slavery conflict, as the defender of human slavery, and its claimed sanction, and warranted them in calling the system of chattel slavery, a divine institution; he, in company with a majority of the anti-slavery reformers rejected the Bible as being the super-naturally inspired word of God. Whatever in it, appealed to his reason and conscience as truth, he accepted;—but not as specially or divinely inspired truth. He believed that the Bible was the natural outgrowth of man's religious nature, like all the sacred books of the world, only to the degree that it rolled out of the heart of man, at a riper age of human development:

Miracles he rejected, in their commonly received meaning, as an impossible violation of natural law. He believed that the world had always been governed by immutable laws and that caprice did not and could not enter into God's government of man or of the universe! He was not fully decided in his own mind, as to whether God was personal or impersonal, though he rather inclined toward the latter view. He entertained an exalted opinion, an almost affectionate regard for the personal character of Jesus. He looked upon him as the world's greatest reformer. He had great admiration for his unselfish toil among the poor, the lowly, and the oppressed. While he regarded the accounts of his miraculous birth as legends, and rejected the doctrine of the Trinity, he placed Jesus on so high a pedestal, that he was willing to call him "the pattern-man of the world."

But Jonathan Walker was not a theologian. He loved to tell during his sickness, how much faith he had put in the 'bank of humanity' and had never been cheated or deceived. He found so much congenial work to do, through all the years of his active and busy life, in helping the poor and suffering and

needy around him, that his great, sympathetic heart, which was as tender as a woman's, went out in love to all his fellow-men. Like Gov. Andrew, of Massachusetts, "He never hated a man because he was poor, or because he was ignorant, or because he was black." And he told me not long ago, that he never entertained hard feelings even toward the slaveholders or those who used him harshly. He was an *honest man*. And this is great praise if Pope is right in calling an honest man "the noblest work of God." How appropriate to Capt. Walker—the warm-hearted lover of his race—is the sentiment of that little poem by Leigh Hunt, entitled "Abou Ben Adhem," which I cannot forbear quoting in this connection:

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase)
 Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
 And saw within the moonlight of his room,
 Making it rich and like a lily bloom,
 An angel writing in a book of gold;—
 Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
 And to the presence in the room he said,
 "What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
 And with a look made of all sweet accord,
 Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
 "And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
 Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
 But cheerly still, and said, "I pray thee, then,
 Write me as one who loves his fellow-men."

* * *

The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
 It came again, with a great wakening light,
 And showed the names whom love of God had blessed.
 And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

But the life work of our friend is ended; he has achieved an earthly immortality, and entered into rest. He felt so impressed always with the idea of man's innate possibilities and of the undeveloped powers and resources wrapped up in his being, that he thought there must be a career awaiting him beyond the shores of this life, where full scope would be given to all his faculties. He did not dogmatize on the subject of a future life, for the absolute proof, he considered wanting; but his hopes led him to believe in the "to-morrow of Death. It is only just that I should say in this connection, that in a conversation I had with him a week or so before he died, on the subject of a future life, he confessed that he had no very decided opinion on the subject. He had friendly leanings toward both the Spiritualists and the Hicksite Quakers. But he has passed on, and the "good man's virtues light the tomb," and whatever the Good Father has in reserve,

for us beyond, has already to our friend become an experience. He gave up his life cheerfully, yea, gladly, and it is not for us to mourn that our aged friend is dead. He has lived a long life of usefulness, and the rewards of a good life will follow him even through the valley and shadow of death, so that he need fear no evil. The lessons of his life to us, are those grand but simple ones, of loyalty to conviction, and faithfulness to duty;"—for

He liyeth long who liveth well;
All else is life but flung away;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of true things truly done each day.

Then fill each hour with what will last,
Buy up the moments as they go;
The life above, when this is past,
Is the ripe fruit of life below.

Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure;
Sow peace and reap its harvest bright;
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
And find a harvest home of light.

The remains were then borne to Evergreen Cemetery, Messrs. Wm. Jones, Thos. Wheeler, S. B. Peck, J. B. Murphy, John Murray, and F. Faucett officiating as pall-bearers, followed by a large concourse of sympathizing neighbors and friends, and deposited in their last resting place upon a lot kindly donated by his friend, William Jones.

The war of the rebellion having brought slavery to an end, many of those who belonged to the old guard and who had battled manfully against this giant wrong, were partially forgotten, except by their immediate personal friends. Among these was Mr. Walker, his quiet unostentatious mode of life not having kept him prominently before the people. He had not been forgotten, however, by his old friend, Rev. Photius Fiske, of Boston, Mass. Soon after Mr. Walker's death, on learning that his relatives were unable to erect a suitable monument to his memory, he generously offered to do this at his own personal expense. When this became known at Muskegon, a meeting of the friends of Mr. Walker was convened, and a committee, consisting of Judge M. L. Stephenson, Rev. F. E. Kittredge and Messrs. Joshua Davies, William Jones and Daniel Upton, was appointed for the purpose of receiving the proposed monument and for arranging for its unveiling with appropriate ceremonies on the occasion.

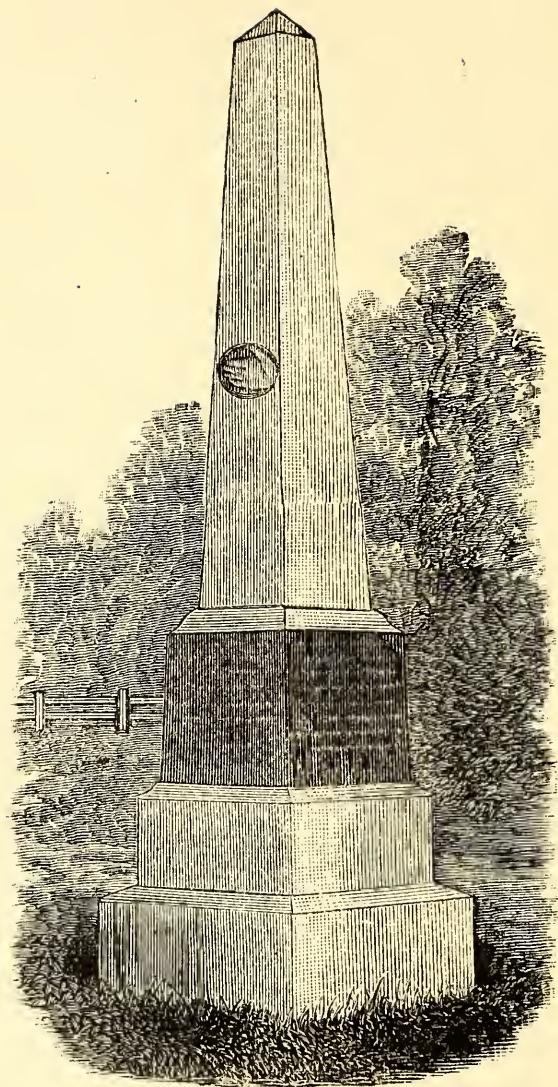
The monument arrived safely at Muskegon in due time

and was carefully placed in position on the grave of Mr. Walker, in accordance with the wishes of the generous donor. The first day of August—the Emancipation day of the West Indies—was selected as the day on which the reception and unveiling of the monument were to take place, and the committee were untiring in their efforts to make the occasion an interesting one and happily their exertions were crowned with abundant success. The day was bright and auspicious and the attendance of people was the largest ever seen in Muskegon. The following report of the exercises which took place on the occasion, appeared in the Muskegon *Chronicle* of August 2d, 1878 :

A HERO HONORED.

Perhaps no event that has ever transpired in Muskegon has attracted so many people of intelligence and culture together as did the ceremony of unveiling the monument recently erected to the memory of Captain Jonathan Walker by Rev. Photius Fisk, of Boston. One would naturally suppose the anti-slavery question, which has by the march of events and the accomplishment of the purpose which brought the movement into existence, viz: the abolition of slavery, become to some extent a question of the past and has been superseded by other, not more vital, but more recent questions of human progress and development, would hardly attract the general public, but the events of yesterday proved the opposite to be the case. The great doctrine of human equality is so deeply imbedded in the hearts of the Northern people, and the maintenance of the principles involved in this doctrine have cost so much of suffering and blood and treasure that any circumstance that calls to mind the days, when to advocate human equality meant peril and suffering, touches a chord that readily responds. Hence when it was announced that the memory of Jonathan Walker, the old hero who had periled himself for the good of his down-trodden fellow men, who had acted up to his convictions of principle in the face of the popular outcry against him, was to be honored, the pulse of the people quickened and they said we will do him honor, and they did by turning out on yesterday to the number of about six thousand people, and spending the day in commemoration of the events which have rendered the life of Jonathan Walker famous.

At an early hour in the morning the streets of the city



MONUMENT ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF JONATHAN
WALKER, BY HIS ANTI-SLAVERY FRIEND, REV.
PHOTIUS FISK, CHAPLAIN U. S. N.

put on a holiday appearance and people began to pour in from the surrounding country. The Goodrich Steamer from Chicago arrived about 9 o'clock and brought about five hundred people from Chicago and Grand Haven, and at near eleven an excursion train of six cars, from Allegan and intervening points, arrived crowded with people. A little before 12 M.,

THE PROCESSION

formed in front of the Opera House, on Western Avenue. It was nearly one mile in length, and yet a large proportion of the people in attendance were not in the line, a great many having gone to the cemetery in advance. The procession moved down Western Avenue to Terrace street, then up Terrace to the cemetery.

The following were the officers of the day: President, Hon. H. H. Holt; Marshal, A. B. Miner; Ass't. Marshals, F. L. Reynolds, O. B. Jones; Chaplain, Rev. F. E. Kittredge; and they succeeded in conducting the ceremonies in a very creditable manner. Below is a brief description of the

WALKER MONUMENT

as it stands in our cemetery to-day:

It is 10 feet high above the foundation, and stands on a base which is sunk to a depth of $5\frac{1}{2}$ feet in the ground, and stands 5 inches above the surface, making the total height of the monument above the surface, 10 feet 5 inches. The base is 3 feet square. The material of which it is composed is Hollowell granite, from Maine, and it was donated by Rev. Photius Fisk, of Boston, who also paid the transportation to this city. It has the following inscription on the south face:

This Monument is erected
To the Memory of
Capt. Jonathan Walker,
by his anti-slavery friend,
Photius Fisk,
Chaplain of the
United States Navy.

On the eastern face of the shaft is the following:

Walker's Branded Hand,



On the upper base same side is the following:

Jonathan Walker.
Born in Harwich, Mass.,
March 22, 1799;
Died in Lake Harbor, Muskegon
Co., Mich., April 30, 1878.

On the north side is the following quotation from Whittier's poem :

'Then lift that manly right hand
 Bold ploughman of the wave,
 Its branded palm shall prophesy
 Salvation to the slave.
 Hold up its fire-wrought language,
 That whoso reads may feel
 His heart swell strong within him
 His sinews changed to steel.'

Yesterday the ladies of the Ladies' Cemetery Association had taken a good deal of trouble to decorate the portion of the cemetery in the vicinity of the monument in a very tasteful manner. On the monument was a wreath of evergreens and on the west side was a beautiful anchor made of myrtle, just to the west of the monument and at the head of the grave was a sheaf of ripened wheat symbolizing the fact that Captain Walker had completed his labors and had been gathered home at a ripe old age. On each corner of the lot was a beautiful pyramid of flowers and over the grave were festoons and baskets of flowers while at the head of the grave was an elegantly wrought evergreen cross and crown. The monument was veiled with the stars and stripes and remained so till the unveiling ceremony took place. The following was

THE ORDER OF EXERCISES AT THE CEMETERY :

Music by the choir; Prayer by the Chaplain; Reading of Letters from John G. Whittier and Fred Douglass by A. J. Grover; Reading of "The Branded Hand," by Mr. C. J. Chaddock; Music by the Band, during which the Monument was unveiled; Oration by Hon. Parker Pillsbury, followed by other speakers; Music by the Choir; Benediction.

A neat stand had been erected on the west side of the cemetery and facing the Walker Monument, for the accommodation of the speakers and reporters, and the people gathered about this and protected themselves from the heat of the sun as best they could by the use of umbrellas and under the protecting branches of the few trees scattered about.

REMARKS OF EX-GOV. HOLT.

Ladies and Gentlemen : We first heard of Rev. Photius Fisk's generous donation about the middle of June and soon after commenced making preparations for the unveiling ceremonies and although we anticipated a goodly attendance on the occasion we had little reason to hope to see the immense

throng which greets our eyes to-day. This is a day long to be remembered by the people of this city and one of which we as citizens may well be proud. And not only are we proud of the day but are grateful too that so many from other parts of the State and country, many of whom have come a long distance, are with us to assist in doing honor to a worthy citizen of our locality. The immediate friends of Capt. Walker are particularly grateful to the large number of his old time associates and fellow-laborers in the anti-slavery cause whom it is their good fortune to meet to-day, and in their behalf we extend to them the kindly hospitalities of the city as well as of our hearts and homes. We wish in this manner to express our sincere gratitude to Rev. Photius Fisk for the beautiful as well as generous token which we see before us to-day and which will soon be exposed to your view. This fitting and appropriate tribute to his memory was provided solely at his expense, even the express charges for its transportation from Boston to this city were paid from his own means. I wish particularly in behalf of Mrs. Walker, who is with us on the stand to-day, to thank Mr. Fisk for this kindly remembrance of her husband.

We had expected that Fred Douglass, and others who are not with us might have been present but ill health and other causes have prevented. We had also hoped that Mr. Whittier would be able to send us an original poem to be read on this occasion, but the state of his health would not permit. Letters from Mr. Douglass and Mr. Whittier will now be read.

WHITTIER'S LETTER.

OAK HILL, Danvers, 6 mo. 21, 1878.

Hon. H. H. Holt—Dear Friend: Immediately on receiving thy letter announcing Capt. W's death I sent it to Garrison with the suggestion that we should take measures for a monument. He came out to see me and informed me that Rev. Photius Fisk, late Chaplain in the U. S. Navy, had volunteered to give the monument himself. I presume it will not be ready so soon as the 4th of July. I don't think I could write anything without repeating my former poem on same subject. I think Garrison would write something if requested. He tells me that the monument will be a costly and handsome one. He has suggested the inscription upon it. I hope the

occasion of its erection will be one of great interest in your place.
Thine Truly,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Everybody seemed anxious to hear what the venerable Fred Douglass would have to say on this occasion, and many had doubtless come expecting to see him and hear him speak, therefore the interest was intense when it was announced that Mr. Grover would now read

DOUGLASS' LETTER.

United States Marshal's Office, Washington City, D. C.)
July 15, 1878.

My Dear Mr. Fisk: I am reminded by a letter from our valued friend, Parker Pillsbury, that I have not yet written an answer to your letter inviting me to be present in Muskegon, Mich., on the first of August, and assist at the unveiling of the monument which you have nobly caused to be erected over the dust of the late Jonathan Walker. I deeply regret that my duties and appointments will compel me to decline your esteemed invitation.

Yes, I knew Jonathan Walker, and knew him well, knew him to love him, and to honor him as a true man, a friend to humanity, a brave but noiseless lover of liberty, not only for himself but for all men; one who possessed the qualities of a hero and martyr, and was ready to take any risks to his own safety and personal ease to save his fellow men from slavery. It is meet and right that one who was such as he was should have his grave marked as you propose. His name deserves remembrance, and should be mentioned with those of John Brown, Charles T. Torrey, William L. Chaplin, Elijah P. Lovejoy, Thompson, Work and Barr, Calvin Fairbanks, Abraham Lincoln, and other noble men who suffered at the hands of the slave power. Jonathan Walker is not less entitled to grateful memory than the most honored of them all. He was one who felt satisfied with the applause of his own soul. What he attempted was not intended to attract public notice. He was on the free, dashing billows of the Atlantic when the voices of nature spoke to his soul with the grandest emphasis of love and truth; and responsive to those voices, as well as to those of his own heart, he welcomed the panting fugitives from slavery to the safety of his deck—though in doing so he exposed himself to stocks, prison, branding-irons, and it might have been to death. I well remember the sensation produced

by the exhibition of his branded hand. It was one of the few atrocities of slavery that roused the justice and humanity of the North to a death-struggle with slavery. Looking into his simple, honest face, it was easy to see that on such a countenance as his no trace of infamy could be made by stocks, stripes, or branding-irons. "S. S." meant at the South, Slave-Stealer, but was read by the North and all civilized men everywhere as Slave Saviour. His example of self-sacrifice nerved us all to more heroic endeavor in behalf of the slave.

My dear sir, I feel it a great deprivation that I cannot be personally present with you on the first of August and assist in the ceremonies in honorable memory of true hearted Johnathan Walker, but I shall be with you in spirit and purpose.

Very Truly Yours,

FRED'K DOUGLASS.

Mr. C. J. Chaddock then read Whittier's celebrated poem, entitled:

THE BRANDED HAND.

Welcome home again, brave seaman! with thy thoughtful brow and gray,
 And the old heroic spirit of our earlier, better day—
 With that front of calm endurance, on whose steady nerve, in vain
 Pressed the iron of the prison, smote the fiery shafts of pain!
 Is the tyrant's brand upon thee? Did the brutal cravens aim
 To make God's truth thy falsehood, His holiest work thy shame?
 When, all blood-quenched, from the torture the iron was withdrawn,
 How laughed their evil angel, the baffled fools to scorn!
 They change to wrong, the duty which God hath written out
 On the great heart of humanity too legible for doubt!
 They, the loathsome moral lepers, blotched from foot-sole up to crown
 Give to shame what God hath given unto honor and renown!
 Why, that brand is highest honor!—than its traces never yet
 Upon old armorial hatchments was a prouder blazon set;
 And thy unborn generations, as they crowd our rocky strand,
 Shall tell with pride the story of their father's Branded Hand!
 As the templar, home was welcomed, bearing back from Syrian wars
 The scars of Arab lances, and of Paynim scimetars,
 The pallor of the prison and the shackle's crimson span,
 So we meet thee, so we greet thee, truest friend of God and man!
 He suffered for the ransom of the dear Redeemer's grave,
 Thou for His living presence in the bound and bleeding slave;
 He for a soil no longer by the feet of angels trod,
 Thou for the true Shechinah, the present home of God!
 For, while the jurist sitting with the slave-whip o'er him swung,
 From the tortured truths of freedom the lie of slavery wrung.
 And the solemn priest to Moloch, on each God-deserted shrine,
 Broke the bondman's heart for bread, poured the bondman's blood
 for wine.

While the multitude in blindness to a far off Savior knelt,
 And spurned, the while, the temple where a present Savior dwelt;
 Thou beheld'st Him in the task-field, in the prison shadows dim,
 And thy mercy to the bondmen it was mercy unto Him!

In thy lone and long night watches, sky above and wave below,
 Thou didst learn a higher wisdom than the babbling school-men know;
 God's stars and silence taught thee as His angels only can,
 That, the one, sole sacred thing beneath the cope of heaven is Man!

That he, who treads profanely on the scrolls of law and creed,
 In the depth of God's great goodness may find mercy in his need;
 But woe to him who crushes the Soul with chain and rod
 And herds with lower natures the awful form of God!

Then lift that manly right hand, bold ploughman of the wave!
 Its branded palm shall prophesy, 'Salvation to the Slave!'
 Hold up its fire-wrought language, that whoso reads may feel
 His heart swell strong within him, his sinews change to steel.
 Hold it up before our sunshine, up against our Northern air—
 Ho! men of Massachusetts, for the love of God look there!
 Take it henceforth for your standard—like the Bruce's heart of yore,
 In the dark strife closing round ye, let that hand be seen before!

And the tyrants of the slave land shall tremble at that sign,
 When it points its finger Southward along the Puritan line;
 Woe to the State-gorged leeches, and the church's locust band,
 When they look from slavery's ramparts on the coming of that hand!

Next followed the leading feature of the occasion, which was the

ADDRESS OF HON. PARKER PILLSBURY.

It was a masterly effort and was delivered in a remarkably effective manner. The following is the complete text of his address :

"When the crown and cap-stone had at last been brought and put on, and Bunker Hill Monument pierced away nearly two hundred and thirty feet into the sky, the eminent Daniel Webster, whose intellect then towered high above all pillars or temples reared by human hands, was unanimously called by the nation to perform the crisimal and consecrating rites. He accepted the commission; and in presence of the vast throng assembled from the East and West, the North and South under the shining sun of the seventeenth of June, 1843, just sixty-eight years after the memorable battle which the proud shaft was reared to commemorate, he pronounced an oration, which few men then living, could equal, and none surely excel; and which will last while the country lasts, an honor and an ornament to its history. At the base of the towering column he stood and casting his eye upward upon it, he commenced : "A duty has been performed. A work of gratitude has been completed. It is itself the orator of the occasion. The pow-

erful speaker stands motionless before us. At the rising of the sun and at the setting of the sun; in the blaze of noon-day, and beneath the milder effulgence of the lunar light, there it stands. It looks, it speaks, it acts, to the full comprehension of every American mind."

And shall I not borrow some of the eloquent strains of that hour, and say to you in presence of the humbler shaft we to-day unveil, "A duty has been performed, a work of gratitude has been completed? And that work is itself the orator of the day and the occasion! Here it stands, in silence and motionless, and yet does it not look, and speak, and act, to the comprehension of every enlightened mind and thankful heart throughout our land?

And what is its message to us to-day? Of what, and of whom does it speak? Of whose sacrifices and sufferings does it remind us? And for whom were they endured? Who has earned the right to such distinction among men, and at what price was it bought?

I have cited you to the proud pillar on Bunker Hill. Its corner stone was laid on June 17th, 1825, in presence of and with the assistance of the Marquis General deLa Fayette, at that time the nation's most honored guest. Nor in all Europe nor in all the world lived there another man on whom, at that joyous hour, this whole nation would have united to bestow such grateful tribute of respect, admiration and adoration as upon him. And how had he earned the right to a whole nation's outpouring of thanksgiving and praise? Just what he did with all the pomp and circumstance of glorious war, just that, no more, no less, Captain Jonathan Walker attempted in his more peaceful, humble way. And though he failed in his purpose, as men count failure, his work was not less a part of the great conflict for freedom and independence.

The work of Washington and La Fayette was not perfect. It had all to be done over again. True, with their swords they carved out, described and fixed the geographical boundaries of a great Republic.

But Washington, Jefferson and Patrick Henry were slave-holders before, during and after the Revolutionary war, and founded a Republic and a Union of slave-holders.

The Hindoos built temples with many pillars, sometimes a hundred, and formerly every pillar rested on a human skull. The foundations of our temple of Liberty and Independence

were laid in the crushed out manhood, mindhood, soulhood of half a million human beings—five hundred thousand chattel slaves.

The union of the States was a confederacy under which each State was made the guardian of the institutions of every other State, and pre-eminently of slavery. Almost every State at the first had slavery. A slavery, too, which even then was declared “the vilest on which the sun ever shone.” John Wesley proclaimed it “*the sum of all villainies*,” and framed his ‘Book of Methodist Discipline’ accordingly, intending doubtless to brand slave-holders as the sum of all villains. Jefferson, himself, declared it to be “fraught with more misery in one single hour than whole ages of that which the Revolutionists rose in rebellion to oppose!” In view of it he exclaimed in his “Notes on Virginia:” “I tremble for my country when I remember that God is just, and that His justice cannot sleep forever!” And he had good cause to tremble; and to prophesy, also, as he did in the same work, that, unless put away by enlightened public sentiment and conscience, it would at last go down “*before the exterminating thunders*” of almighty and righteous retribution! A fearful prediction, indeed, and most wondrously fulfilled, as we have seen.

It was a slavery that for generations hunted and captured its victims in Africa as wild beasts in the jungle, and dragged them into the unknown horrors of the slave ship, to die by hecatombs on the passage of four thousand miles of ocean; or to perish more miserably, if possible, in a few dreary years amid the terrors and task-masters, the whips, fettters and red-hot branding-irons of the slave plantations! It was a slave system that for many years bred and reared slaves in Virginia for the markets of the more Southern States, breeders sometimes selling their own mulatto children, and in thousands of instances the lighter the complexion, if a young and beautiful girl, the higher the price! It was a slavery that knew no distinction in law, in public opinion, nor in religious sentiment nor action, between the slaves and the four-footed beasts on the same plantation. All alike were the goods and chattels of their owner. All alike could be bought, sold, leased, mortgaged, raffled, gambled or given away into other hands. There was no more legal marriage nor parentage, no more education, among the slave cabin than among the sheep of the pastures or the cattle of the stalls. It was a crime in the slave States to

distribute Bibles to the slaves, and colporteurs were arrested for so doing. It was a crime in some States to teach even the children of *free* colored families to read even the Ten Commandments. In some States slaves running away could be proclaimed as outlaws, and then large rewards were offered by their masters for them, "*taken dead or alive!*" And blood hounds were kept on purpose to hunt them as other game.

Such was the condition of half a million human beings—*human brute beasts*—at the close of the Revolutionary War. So was it with them when Washington sheathed the sword to be elected first President of a new nation, and La Fayette returned to France covered all over with glory and gratitude, vainly presuming that new nation to be free and independent.

Captain Walker was born in the same year that General Washington died. William Lloyd Garrison was born in December, 1804—exactly five years after the death of Washington; and what Washington, Jefferson and La Fayette left undone, Garrison was commissioned—commissioned divinely, shall I not say?—to complete.

Washington builded a Republic of men, only, and only of white men, at that. White male citizens were all he knew. Garrison demanded the equal, untrammeled freedom of every human being—every human man, woman, child, irrespective of race, complexion or sex; in spite of man-made codes, constitutions, creeds or catechisms, he demanded that equal freedom, "in the name of humanity, and according to the laws of the living God."

And of such as Garrison was Jonathan Walker. Brave, hardy, heroic son of the sea, his country was the world; his countrymen were all man and womankind.

Garrison had been ten years in the field when Captain Walker first appeared as a faithful and heroic helper in his glorious cause and work. As soon as the slaves heard of Canada they turned their eyes that way, as caverned vegetation always looks towards the light. One lesson in astronomy they learned, one only, the place of the polar star—more to them now than the star of Bethlehem.

Some stowed themselves away on northern-bound vessels, and after enduring all the pains and pangs of hunger, thirst and almost death, in such dreadful forms, would, when discovered, be sent back by captains or owners of the vessels—sent back all the way from Philadelphia, New York, and even Bos-

ton. Yes—God in heaven forgive Boston, if He can—I have seen Faneuil Hall filled with troops quartered there to guard a Northern slave master till he secured and pinioned his victim, with consent of all the Courts; and then, formed in hollow square, they enclosed him, and long before daylight they marched him down on board a vessel to take him back to his chains, cow-skin and red-hot branding irons! No deed so damned, so black as that, was ever done on ship in command of him whose monument we have met to give to the light and smiles of the approving heaven, and to a grateful people and posterity. His motto was, "ever save, never surrender the slave,"

SLAVE SAVIOR,

is the interpretation of that branded hand, now silently moulder in the dust at our feet! Time may mow down that granite; and trample out even the inscription of the hieroglyphed hand! But the memory of the act it records, shall last when the foundations of this earth are removed, and when the heavens above them are no more.

Capt. Jonathan Walker's crime was an attempt to aid some slaves in escaping to one of the Bahama Islands off the coast of Florida; where, as in Canada, under British Monarchy, instead of a boasting but bastard Republic they could be free.

Thousands by this time, now 1844, and fourteen years after Garrison had unfurled, *The Liberator* to the free breezes of heaven, had found their way to Canada, land of Queens and Kings, and were safe. Safe beneath the paw of the British Lion, from the bloody beak and terrible talons of the American Eagle.

As *Aid-de-Camp* to General Washington, LaFayette did gallant service in rescuing Washington and his oppressed countrymen from the yoke of British thraldom and tyranny, and Bunker Hill Monument commemorates his deeds, and in solemn silence sounds his praise in all ears, through all time.

Capt. Walker discovered a people whose sufferings, Jefferson himself being witness, were, in each single hour more dreadful than a whole age of Washington's and what should he do when a handful of them appealed to him for aid, and he had, as he presumed, the means for their deliverance at hand? We know what he did, but not what he endured. Many indeed died under their terrible inflictions, and probably few escaped death who suffered so terribly as did he! But in his sufferings he tri-

umphed. That branded hand became immortal; and though now, beneath this beautiful monument, it lies, like John Brown's body, 'mouldering in the ground,' his soul, too, goes marching on forever more.

Let me give you part of his first letter to his wife after his capture by the slave-holders, then more fierce than the wildest savages of the woods. It is dated,

"PENSACOLA, July 29, 1844.

DEAR WIFE AND CHILDREN:—I am privileged by the mercy of God the Father, of writing to you once more, but not in the situation I would choose. About the time of my last letter I had arranged to take some passengers to Nassau, New Providence, a British Island eastward from Cape Florida. On the 23d of June I started with seven colored people, though quite unwell, as I had been for two days. On the sixth day out, I did not expect to live another twenty-four hours; my disease being intermittent fever and internal canker, and such hot weather I never in my life saw before.

We proceeded down the coast till July 8th, when we were overhauled by a wrecker, the sloop Catharine, from Key West, and by force taken to that port. Then I was carried before a Justice of the Peace and thence to a jail, where I was kept four days. Then I was put down into the hold of a steamboat among rubbish and filth, the heat being extreme, placed in heavy irons, both hands and feet, and kept six days, in which time the vessel steamed to Pensacola. There I was taken to court and from thence again to jail where I now am secured to a large ring bolt by a chain made of half inch iron, with a shackle around my ankle which weighs five pounds. * [And Capt. Walker repeatedly told his friends after his release that huge as was that shackle, it became nearly imbedded out of sight, by the swelling of his limb! but he did not write that to his wife and children.]

"Jane, what will become of you and the children! I have lost all of the little I had here and am confident that at this time you and the children are in want. Send to Fall River and get the little money due there, and do as well as you can. The Lord Jesus has been abundantly good to me in my afflictions; and I am sure he will accompany me through. For I cannot let him go. Dear wife and children, trust in him to aid you."

His aged father and mother were remembered in the same

short letter. To them he wrote:

"O, my dear old father and mother, do not worry about me. I am in good spirits, and shall weather the storm."

Yes, and he did weather the storm. But little dreamed he then, what a storm it was to be! When captured he was too ill to walk, only as supported by two strong men. And only for the persistent determination of the sheriff, he would have been murdered by the exasperated crowd on his way to the prison.

His cell was without a chair, bed or table; and his only resting place was the floor, foul, damp and hard, and twenty pounds of iron chain and shackle were actually *riveted*, as he told me, on his fevered and enfeebled limbs. But had they been cobwebs he could not have escaped. The food furnished him, even a healthy stomach, could not and should not have borne. Only two days before he was committed, a poor slave cut his throat through to the bone, in that cell, to escape a worse death. And yet scarcely was he buried, his blood had not been washed from the floor, when it was found that he was innocent as an angel of the crime for which he had been doomed to die. Captain Walker had to sit down on that bloody floor.

The sentence after trial was, one hour in the pillory, pelted with unmerchantable eggs. One year in prison for each slave; seven in all; six hundred dollars fine for each slave, and all the costs and be branded on the right hand with a large double S, by a red hot branding iron! All the bills for fines and costs were made to exceed a hundred thousand dollars. A boy who saw the eggs thrown cried *shame*, when a ruffianly wretch tore off a bandage which had been put on to protect the face of the victim. That boy was arrested, taken into another county, and fined for his heinous offence.

The branding iron had to be made for the occasion. One blacksmith refused to make it. He said he made such to be used on hogs, horses and cattle, but not on men. Another was found to make it; but refused his forge to heat it, when it came to be used. He swore there was but one fire in the universe that should heat an iron for such a use! But at length all things were prepared. The instrument of inquisitorial torture and torment was sent broiling and hissing deep into the flesh of a hand that was ever open to succor the poor and the outcast; but never, no never, was once

lifted in an unrighteous cause.

Capt. Walker called the letters "the Seal, the Coat of Arms" of the United States. His friends raised seven hundred dollars and sent down to an attorney, to defend his suit. The lawyer whose name was Blunt, *bluntly* pocketed the money but kept away from the trial and out of the court house. The trial was in a United States court, and the name of the marshal at the time for the Florida District was Ebenezer Dorr, and a native of the State of Maine; and willing pimp and pander to the slave-holders. His bills and accounts were curiosities, but need not here be reproduced.

An ancient philosopher said, "it were far better that posterity should ask why I have not a monument, than why I have." Probably all of us would say the same.

My task to-day is done, and well done, if I have shown to my audience and to posterity with what good right the humble pillar we to-day unveil, should guard the dust and hallow the name of Jonathan Walker.

But Captain Walker suffered not alone. While he was enduring a thousand deaths in that Florida dungeon, Missouri state prison had three men whose sentence was 12 years, each, for just the same offense—attempting to aid slaves in their escape to Liberty; Kentucky had one man confined for 15 years, and one woman for two years! Two or three of these, when arrested, were theological students, studying for the Christian ministry. Rev. Chas. T. Torrey, was already a Congregational minister, but he died in his cell, while the others lived to be set at liberty. Even the prayer of his beautiful wife, that he might be liberated to die in her arms, was spurned and denied. Only his dead body was returned to his home. But that, let me assure this audience had honorable burial in Boston, though not from its churches, for their doors with monstrous inhumanity, were kept closed against it, in most indecent deference to slavery. But it now rests in Mount Auburn, and a handsome monument in the rearing of which Chaplain Fisk was a generous contributor, marks and guards the martyr's grave.

Before closing this address, permit a few words of him to whose noble generosity is due the beautiful, appropriate and singularly suggestive monument we here unveil to the gaze—and, let us hope, the gratitude—of all who are present, and of all the nation, as well the white, as the race in whose behalf

pillories, imprisonments, red-hot branding-irons, and even deaths, were endured—not to speak of heavy fines and other cash costs, which reduced to beggary many families of whom this world was not worthy, and no world can be any more than a just reward. Photius Fisk is a native Greek. His original name was Photius Kavaseles. He was born in the island of Hylas, in the Grecian Archipelago, and was one of a family of five children, and the only one of all the family who survived a terrible visitation of the plague, which swept off his father, mother, two brothers and two sisters in one single week!

Thus orphaned and desolate, he fell into the hands of a humane uncle whose name was Panages Manesis, and at about twelve years of age was committed to the care of Rev. Pliny Fisk, an American Missionary, who, giving him the name of Fisk instead of Kavascles, sent him to the United States to the missionary school then in existence at Cornwall in Connecticut. And Rev. Mr. Fisk who adopted the lad Photius was at that time a missionary in Greece under the patronage and direction of the American Board of Foreign Missions. The young Greek was highly pleased with the prospect of coming to America for his education. When asked why he was going he simply answered, "To learn." "How long will you stay?" he was further questioned. "Until I am learned," he replied. A good many branches of education were enumerated, and he was asked, "Will you learn all these?" His answer was, "*quanto posso*"—"as much as I can."

He landed first in Salem, Massachusetts, in company with another Greek boy, and was at first placed under the direction of Rev. Dr. Cornelius, then a minister in Salem, and an officer in the Missionary Board. For some time the lads were objects of much interest among ministers and churches, and were frequently exhibited on public occasions as motives to missionary contributions, much, as he now laughingly speaks of it, as if they had been "a couple of young baboons." He studied and became learned, though not wholly in the direction of the Missionary Board nor of the American Church. From Salem he was taken by Dr. Cornelius to the Cornwall Mission School. There, however, he did not long remain. From Cornwall he was removed to the Hopkins Academy in New Haven, and was afterwards at the Academy in Amherst, Massachusetts. But he early assumed the business of his own education, and

worked very hard to meet its costs. In New York City he united with the Church and commenced a course of theological studies for the Congregational ministry. He brought with him his native Greek, and made himself master of Oriental languages and literature, as well as the French and Italian of modern times. Completing his studies at the theological institutions of New York City and Auburn, he was ordained as a Congregational minister, and preached for a time in Vermont. But the severity of winter there was too much for his constitution, he being of a race born, and for many generations living, under so much more indulgent skies, and he soon became unable to discharge the many duties and responsibilities of a minister, especially so far north as Vermont.

In his travels he had seen much of slavery, not only in this country but in the West Indies, and had become quite too much an abolitionist to be patiently tolerated in an American pulpit. So, aided by such men as John Quincy Adams and Joshua R. Giddings in Congress, and Gerrit Smith and other equally well known men outside the government, he received the appointment of chaplain in the United States navy, and has held the office since 1842—about thirty-six years. Retired from public service, he is passing his closing years of life in Boston. Left an orphan in childhood, alone he has come up through life, and alone has ripened into age. Of most active temperament, he has accomplished much in various ways. Tender and sympathetic, he did much to abate the terrible rigors of the naval service, and to ameliorate the condition of those engaged in it, especially of the lower and most subjugated classes. The slaves, the free people of color, the prisoner, the laboring men, women and children, the aged of both sexes, the causes of temperance, peace and woman suffrage, find in him ever a protecting providence and unfailing friend. The late Governor Andrew, of Massachusetts, once said: 'I thank God that I never hated any man because he was poor, or because he was ignorant, or because he was black.' I should say of Chaplain Fisk that not only did he never hate such, but they seem ever the objects of his special regard and care. Suffering and want never appeal to him in vain. And sometimes his generosity and charity have been most grievously abused in consequence. But he will never thank me, I know, for saying these things.

The beautiful testimonial we to-day unveil and commit to the care of posterity is the fourth of its kind reared by the same generous hand, within a few years, to the memory of men who suffered much and periled all, even life itself, to liberate, their fellow beings bound in the iron chains of American Slavery. Alone in the world, he has learned in a lengthened and checkered life, seeing many nations on both sides of both the hemispheres, that humanity is one, made of one blood, and one in destiny as well as origin; one in wants and woes, and, in similarity of circumstances and surroundings; one in desires, ambitions, aspirations and hopes.

He calls himself Cosmopolite—citizen of the world; and his countrymen are all man and womankind. In a brief note received from him since I left Boston, he writes:

“To me remains no Place, no Time;
My country is in every clime.”

But I detain you too long. Let me only say in closing, we have good reason to hope and to believe that the record of what we do here to-day will become part of the history of this now great and growing nation. The monument we uncover at this hour is composed of the best granite of New England, the oldest basic rock, which underlies and underpins the globe, and, untouched by disaster, it will stand in beauty ages and ages of time.

May this nation, purified from all its oppressions, redeemed and regenerated from all its slaveries, and re-created, in deed and truth a land of liberty—may this nation survive as long!

This monument is reared by an adopted American abolitionist to the memory of another abolitionist, heroic and faithful son of the sea, born by the sea in the old Bay State. Forty years ago the name Abolitionist was below every name. To-day who, especially in the Northern and Western States, is not proud to be known as an abolitionist, or the son of an abolitionist? The blood of Lovejoy and Torrey, the fiery baptism of Jonathan Walker, the prostrate body of Sumner, felled to the floor of the Senate chamber by the murderous bludgeon of slavery, and, last of all, the gallows of the immortal John Brown, now sacred as Calvary's Cross, all these have hallowed the name of abolitionist forevermore!

And, as I commenced these too extended and too hastily studied remarks from the distinguished Daniel Webster at the inauguration of the proud shaft on Bunker Hill, so let me bor-

row again from that oration my closing thought, only slightly varied to suit our purpose on this not wholly dissimilar occasion:

When both we and our children shall have been carried to that house appointed for all the living, may love of country, and pride of country *worthy to be loved*, glow with ardor and fervor among all those to whom our names and our blood shall descend. And then when honored and decrepit age shall lean against the base of this monument, and troops of ingenuous youth shall be gathered around it; and when one shall speak to another of its objects, the purposes of its construction, and the great and glorious events with which it is connected, there shall arise from every youthful breast the earnest ejaculation, thank God for the name, the story and the deeds of the American Abolitionists.

At the conclusion of Mr. Pillsbury's address Gov. Holt introduced

GEN. W. B. WILLIAMS

of Allegan, who simply arose and expressed his thanks for the compliment offered him by calling on him for a speech on such an interesting occasion, but said he would not consume the time that might be more profitably occupied by others.

Rather opportunely it would seem

GENERAL BENJ. D. PRITCHARD,

the man who captured Jeff. Davis in petticoats, happened to be present and was also called on for some remarks. He responded in substance, as follows:

Mr. President and Fellow Citizens of Muskegon:—It would seem unjust to those present to-day if after listening to the address of Parker Pillsbury on this occasion, I should attempt any argument or discussion of the topic presented for your consideration. Yet I should be failing in my duty should I fail to raise my voice in earnest sympathy with the cause that has called us together to-day. I came, however as an auditor, not as a speaker. He said that whether it was through good or ill fortune, and he believed it was good, he was born in that belt of Ohio known as the Abolition belt. He was born in the old black Republican county of Portage, and passed his boyhood in Cuyahoga, hence he knew something by experience of the days when it cost something to be an Abolitionist. He then spoke of having heard Parker Pillsbury, Gar-

rison and their co-workers in his boyhood and spoke in very eulogistic terms, especially of the labors of Mr. Pillsbury.

MR. A. J. GROVER,
of Chicago, was then called upon and took the stand and made the following remarks.

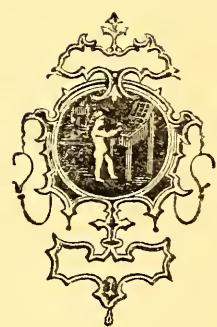
What I have to say will be brief and wholly unstudied. I think it may be true in the long run that the Spencerian law of development, the survival of the fittest, will hold as to the honor men pay to the dead. If this is true, honor to Jonathan Walker can never die. At length the good, the noble, the truly heroic, must be honored and the bad dishonored, though possibly remembered. When contemporaries build monuments, the bad as well as the good, are promised immortal honors, but time changes the word honor to remembrance, if not to execration, as to really bad men. The memory of the man we honor to-day, will grow greener and brighter in the hearts of good men wherever the history of this country shall be known. But Mr. Pillsbury has already said in fitting and eloquent words what ought to be said of him. On this occasion it may not, however, be inappropriate to remember, in a word, that to day is the fortieth anniversary of the emancipation of the eight hundred thousand slaves in the British West India Islands, an event second only in importance to the first of January, 1865, when four million slaves were set free by the Emancipation Proclamation of our own Abraham Lincoln in this country. It is a noticeable fact that no great step toward liberty for all men has ever been taken without dire foreboding of evil on the part of those who seem designed by nature to uphold tyranny and wrong. This was the case when the West Indian Emancipation took place, and the immortal name of the heroic Toussant l'Overture deserves to be remembered with that of Washington, of Lincoln, of John Brown, and Jonathan Walker, and especially on this anniversary of the great event in which he was—though remotely a cause—so conspicuous. And I wish to remember on this occasion a fact of which I believe no mention has been made to-day, namely, that Jonathan Walker was a strong woman's rights man. He believed in and worked for the emancipation of women as well as the negro man; and strange to say, we have those among us who oppose the political freedom of woman, and predict as they did of the liberty of the negro that all the dire consequences that can be named

will follow the emancipation of woman. It is really true that the freedom only of one-half of the people of this country has yet been achieved. Many benefits will flow from the freedom of the other half, such and more than have flowed from the freedom of all the men. It has been said that there is no salvation but by blood. There is no liberty but by necessity. The history of the world shows that necessity has given liberty to all who have yet attained liberty. Necessity will compel us to give freedom to women, as it has compelled us to give liberty to negro men. God hasten the day when this republic shall take the last step which shall make us as a nation truly free—the political emancipation of women. The fact that Jonathan Walker forty years ago was an advocate of liberty to women, makes him to us a real prophet as well as a martyr.

THE PRESS.

Among the representatives of the press who were present were the following: Wm Stocking, of the Detroit Post and Tribune; A. J. Grover, of the Chicago Inter-Ocean; Don Henderson, of the Allegan Journal; E. A. Stowe, of the Grand Rapids Times, Geo. E. Wright, of the Chicago Tribune; C. L. Reeves, of the Benton Harbor Palladium; and Charles C. Phillips, of the Bangor Reflector; besides representatives of the various local papers.

THE END.



No. 427 Sect. 5 Shelf 3

CONTENTS

Lincoln National Life Foundation

Collateral Lincoln Library

